

BRYAN RESTING AT RED HOOK.

But He Was Forced to Make Two Speeches to His Many Admirers.

Candidate Given a Continuous Ovation on His Way Up the Hudson.

With His Wife He Held a Reception Both on the Train and the Albany Day Boat.

MADE A SPEECH FROM A BARREL.

Responded to the Demand of a Large Crowd at Poughkeepsie—Villagers for Miles Around in a Welcome to Upper Red Hook.

Upper Red Hook, N. Y., Aug. 17.—Here, in a nook among trees and fields, in sight of the busy ridges of the Catskills, William Jennings Bryan entered to-day upon a week of rest. He left Irvington-on-the-Hudson at 9 o'clock this morning for Yonkers, where he took the Albany day boat and arrived here at 4 in the afternoon, enjoying on the route a series of those enthusiastic receptions that marked his triumphant journey from Nebraska. He made a speech at Poughkeepsie, where the crowd almost crushed him in their delight.

To-night the little village of Upper Red Hook, with the assistance of all the villages and hamlets within a radius of five miles, celebrated the arrival of Mr. Bryan in a style that made the oldest inhabitant dizzy. There never had been such doings here before. A hundred vehicles of all sorts and ages brought farmers from all parts of the country. The De Peyster Gun Squad marched over from Madalin in the full blaze of their glorious uniforms. A brass band came up from Lower Red Hook and all the population of that village came with it.

Hondies and Cheers for Bryan.
All this throng in addition to the residents of this village gathered in front of Mr. Perrine's house at nightfall and cheered Mr. Bryan. Half a dozen hondies were lit, and in the glare of the swaying flames the scene was extremely picturesque. Mr. Jacob W. Eliafer introduced Mr. Bryan as a friend of one of the oldest residents of the country whom they were assembled to honor without consideration of his political beliefs. When the applause had subsided Mr. Bryan said:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: Speaking for Mrs. Bryan as well as for myself, I desire to thank the gentleman who has so graciously extended the welcome, and the people, who by their presence support his words. It gives us great pleasure to come here upon this occasion and renew an old acquaintance with one of your esteemed citizens.

In reaching this spot we have passed up the river of which we have so often heard, one of which, until this visit, we knew nothing. We have been impressed with the fact that this river and its surroundings are not only pleasing to the eye of those who love beauty of scenery, but are also pleasing to those who are interested in the historic scenes of revolutionary days. We shall remember with great delight this, our first acquaintance with them.

We are glad to find our rest in this quiet place among the people who exemplify the truth spoken by the wise man so many hundred years ago. When Solomon said that he desired neither riches nor poverty he gave expression to a thought that we may well consider. In such a community as this we find an equality and fraternity and we find people bound together in a friendship that promises well for all that is good and uplifting in the human race. We are glad to come among you.

PAIRTY FEELING LAID ASIDE.

We are glad to rest here a few days from the weariness of the campaign and we are pleased to know that you who live among these mountains where you can take a broader view of these earthly scenes are also, as citizens, able to rise and take a broad view of our political life, that you, as Republicans as well as Democrats, you, the members of all parties, can lay aside for the moment all political thoughts and gather without respect to party affiliations to do honor to the office to which at this time I aspire. I have always lived among those who differ from me and at all times I have found some of my best friends among those who could not agree with me upon public questions. I expect to find that way this year and in all the years to come, but I am glad that friendship, affection and love are strong enough to cross all lines and bind together congenial spirits.

I am glad, too, that you recognize that higher plane of citizenship in which each citizen, while firmly standing by that in which he believes and courageously upholding the cause which he espouses to be the best for his country, can at the same time extend to all others that charity which he asks for himself. I am glad that as we struggle on with intense earnestness in carrying forward those policies which we deem of vital importance, we can still like brothers stand side by side without feeling that there is in these contests anything which should draw forth personal animosity. I thank you for your gathering and for this opportunity of making your acquaintance.

Mr. Bryan's journey carried him to the cities of Yonkers, Newburg and Poughkeepsie, and in each of these places there were crowds not only of residents, but rounded out by farmers who had travelled from the countryside to see the "man of the people." That sobriquet has become fastened on Bryan. Wherever he goes he is hailed by a voice in the crowd as the "man of the people," and the suggestion never fails to set the throng roaring. A hundred times to-day Mr. Bryan heard the words: "The silver sentiment is growing here." He heard it from the lips of politicians, of farmers, of storekeepers, of workmen, and of his fellow-travellers on boat and train, and it gratified him much more than any personal compliment could have done.

Not Pleased with Illness.

Mr. Bryan has been convinced by his wife and his friends that he needs rest, but he chafes under the illness, and is resting unwillingly. As soon as he has finished his letter of acceptance, he will begrudge each hour that finds him here and will yearn for travelling among people who want to know him. Mr. Sewall left Irvington for New York on an early morning train, and Mr. Bryan will probably not see him again until they meet at his home in Maine.

During the short ride to Yonkers Mr.

Bryan held an impromptu reception on the train, shaking hands with all the passengers who came forward and thanking them for their expressions of good will. At Yonkers a crowd had gathered to greet him, and there was a prolonged cheer for the "next President of the United States." Here Mr. and Mrs. Bryan underwent an ordeal which, as an evidence of popularity, was unique in all their experience. The crowd seemed to be seized with a sudden autographic insanity. It began half way down the short road that runs from the station to the boat landing. Some one held out a card to Mr. Bryan and said: "Would you mind writing your name on that?"

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Bryan's school friend and a strong friendship has long existed between them. When Mr. and Mrs. Bryan visited New York about four years ago the Perrines went down there to see them and spent a day with them.

Not a Question of Politics.

Mr. Perrine, it happens, is a strong Republican and a firm believer in the gold standard. During President Harrison's term he was Postmaster of this village, and in the councils of the local organization of his party he has considerable influence.

He keeps one of those country stores where they sell everything, from ship-plaster to sewing machines, and is reported to be quite wealthy. He has been subjected to no little banter from his friends upon the subject of Bryan's visit, but his invariable answer is: "No matter what Mr. Bryan's political or financial opinions are, he is a man whom I am proud to know."

Mr. Bryan had not been resting fifteen minutes when his rest was disturbed. The newspapers men called his attention to Senator Thurston's open letter to Senator Stewart, in which the old charge that Mr. Bryan was in the pay of the bimetalists was revived.

"I have denied this statement several times," answered Mr. Bryan, and another denial will be made at an early day.

"How about Bourke Cockran's challenge to a debate?"

"Mr. Cockran and I," he replied, "discussed both the silver question and the income tax while in Congress. If he advances any new arguments they can go to the country along with my speech of last week. I shall not return to New York until the latter part of September, when I intend to speak in Brooklyn and in New York on my way to New England and return."

SHE COASTED AND WAS FINED.

Continued from First Page.

cycle suit, was accompanied by a Mr. Barker, who came in the capacity of friend and adviser.

Court in Open Air.

The Recorder bowed her to a seat on the wide veranda of his home. This same Judge is senior member of the law firm of Fellows & Wright, of this city. The Judge stood with his back against the house and the witnesses reclined in wicker rocking chairs.

Mr. Green conducted her own defence. Mr. Barker merely acting in an advisory capacity, by plucking at her sleeve now and then and stroking his mustache reflectively. In her conduct of the case she demonstrated that she had inherited much of the ability of her father, and had the talent

of her husband. There can be no question but that her cross-examination of the witnesses, while partaking somewhat of the nature of argument, was still effective.

For instance, when Policeman Markham, her accuser, said she was coasting at a rate of more than seven miles an hour, she suddenly inquired:

"Do you ride a wheel?"

"Yes," he responded.

"Then," observed the defendant, "I've seen you on a wheel and I don't believe that you are capable of judging what speed is."

"My dear madame," interposed the Recorder, "that is hardly legitimate cross-examination."

"Perhaps not, but it's a truth, just the same," was his prompt reply.

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